

SHAKSPEARE'S

H A M L E T.
PRINCE OF DENMARK,

A TRAGEDY,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE.

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED BY
THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS
OF THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

September 16th. 1800.

LONDON.

Printed and published by C. LOWNDEN, Drury Lane,
And sold at the Theatre.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

SHAKESPEARE'S

HAMLET

PRINCIPAL PARTS

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, King of Denmark,	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
Hamlet, -	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
Polonius, -	<i>Mr. Dowton.</i>
Laertes, -	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
Horatio, -	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>
Rosencrantz, -	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>
Guildenstern, -	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
Osrick, -	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Marcellus, -	<i>Mr. Surmont.</i>
Bernardo, -	<i>Mr. Chippendale.</i>
Francisco, -	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>
Priest, -	<i>Mr. Webb.</i>
First Actor, -	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>
Second Actor, -	<i>Mr. Sparks.</i>
First Grave-digger,	<i>Mr. King.</i>
Second Grave-digger,	<i>Mr. Grimaldi.</i>
First Sailor, -	<i>Mr. Fisher.</i>
Second Sailor, -	<i>Mr. Johnston.</i>
Ghost of Hamlet's Father,	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark,	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
Ophelia, -	<i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>
Actress, -	<i>Miss Tidswell.</i>

Lords, Ladies, and other Attendants.

SCENE, EL SINORE.



H A M L E T.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. EL SINORE.

A Platform before the Palace.

Francisco on his post.—Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

B

Fran.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier!

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night

Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where

HAMLET.

7

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes
again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Hor. Most like:—It harrows me with fear, and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; speak, I charge thee, speak.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look
pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you of it?

Hor. I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

B 2

Re-enter

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me :
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me :
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak !
 Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it : [*Cock crows. Exit Ghost.*] stay, and
 speak.

Mar. 'Tis gone !

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

THE PALACE.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter Polonius, the King, Queen, Hamlet, Laertes, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

King. **T**HOUGH yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,

Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.—

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit: what is't Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark;
To shew my duty in your coronation
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord;
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within, which passeth show;

These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term,

To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.

We pray you, throw to earth

This

This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
As of a father : for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
Be as ourself in Denmark — Madam, come ;
This gentle and untorc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
Re-speaking earthly thunder.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead ! — nay, not so much, not two :
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown

By

By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!--
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears,—
 She married with my uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules.
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
 with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
 Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you--Good even, sir---
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it trust of your own report
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But, what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd
meats

'Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,—
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen;
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

C

Ham.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak :

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night ?

Mar. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you !

Mar. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Mar. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not

His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like :—Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

Mar

Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, 'twill.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : so, fare you well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

Hor. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : farewell.

Exeunt Bernardo, Marcellus, and Horatio.
My father's spirit !—in arms !—all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul : foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to mens' eyes.

Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in POLONIUS' house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. **M**Y necessities are embark'd ; farewell :
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
Pray, let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer.

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
Fear it, Ophelia ; fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart ; But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose-path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord,
Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
'Tis told to me, he hath very oft of late

Given !

HAMLET.

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Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.

This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt.

SCENE

HAMLET.

SCENE IV. THE PLATFORM.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. **T**HE air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not ; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, and Ordnance shot
off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse ;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father.—Royal Dane, O, answer me !

Lct

HAMLET.

Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
 Why thy canonis'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground ;
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why ? what should be the fear ?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself ?—
 It waves me forth again—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my
 lord ?
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 And draw you into madness ?

Ham. It waves me still—
 Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham.

HAMLET.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen ;—

Breaking from them.

I say, away—Go on—I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet—Horatio and Marcellus.

SCENE V.

A REMOTE PART OF THE PLATFORM.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. **W**HITHER wilt thou lead me? speak,
I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;

Doom'd, for a certain term, to walk the night ;

And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

Are burn'd and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To

HAMLET

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—Lift, lift, O lift !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his soul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is !
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt.—

Now, Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,

Wor to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!—
 But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou dost nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.—
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

The Ghost vanishes.

Ham. Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stily up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,
 And thy commandment, all alone, shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.

Hor. (within.) My lord, my lord,—

Mar. (within.) Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. (within.) Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. (within.) Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't my noble lord?

Hor. What news? my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it,

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once
 think it?—

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
 mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
 the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?—
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come:—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd so e'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *if we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—this do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together:

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint—O cursed spight!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT IN POLONIUS' HOUSE.

Enter Polonius and Ophelia.

Pol. **H**OW now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. **H**O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph.

HAMLET.

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,—
 He comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
 But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being; That done, he lets me go;
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king,
 This is the very ecstasy of love.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command
 I did repell his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

Come, go we to the king:

This must be known; which, being kept close,
 might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II, THE PALACE.

*Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and two Gentlemen.*

King. WELCOME, dear Rosencrantz, and
Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation:
What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres: If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;

And

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and two Gentlemen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. I now do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time;
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;

For

HAMLET.

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For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend,—
 I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.

(Reads.) *To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
 beautified Ophelia,—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; *beautified* is a vile
 phrase ; but you shall hear :—

(Reads.) *In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while ; I will be faithful.—

(Reads.) *Doubt thou, the stars are fire ;*

Doubt, that the sun doth move ;

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt, I love.

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have
 not art to reckon my groans : but, that I love thee best,
 O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
 machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me ;
 And more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
 Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

E

Pol.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 What might you think? No, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince; out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
 Fell into a sadness;
 Thence into a weakness;
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his head and shoulder,

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol.

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;
I'll board him presently.

Exeunt King and Queen.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is
to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a
blessing ; but as your daughter may conceive,—
—friend, look to't.

E 2

Pol.

Pol. Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet : there he is.

Ros. Heaven save you, sir !

Exit Polonius.

Guil. My honour'd lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !—

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ? What news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near ! But your news is not true.—In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ?

Ros. To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you.—Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come ; deal justly with me : come ; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord ?

Ham. Any thing,—but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour : I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ?

[To Guildenstern,

Ham,

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Ghil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me,—not woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord; if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank

blank verse shall halt forth. ~~What~~ What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth it, they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: your hands; you are welcome:—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Pol. [*Within.*] Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz, —that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Hapily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Enter

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephtha, Judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot,—and then, you know, It came to pass, as most like it was,—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter two Actors and an Actress.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—

What

What! my young lady and mistress! By-^r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.—You are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight:—Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Act.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted: or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line;

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old grandfire Priam seeks.*

Pol. Fore Heaven, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

Ham. So;—proceed you.

1 *Act.* Anon he finds him

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new awork*

*And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne;
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Act. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen,—*

Ham. The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good; the mobled queen is good.

1 Act. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames;
A clout upon that head,*

Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,

A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd?

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour,
and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of
this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players
well bestow'd? do you hear, let them be well us'd;
for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the
time: After your death you were better have a bad
epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

Ham. Much better. Use every man after his de-
sert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after
your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve,
the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-
morrow. Old friend.—

Exeunt Polonius, Second Actor, and Actress.

*My Good friends, I'll leave you 'till night: you are
welcome to Elsinore.*

Exeunt Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Act.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—

Exit First Actor.

—I have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A HALL IN THE PALACE.

Enter Polonius, King, Queen, Ophelia,
Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him,

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,

HAMLET.

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And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too.

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia ;

Her father and myself (lawful espials,)

Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge ;

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,

If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,

That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you :—

And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :—

Read on this book ;

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness.

I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die?—to sleep,
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep!—perchance, to dream—Ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

Seeing Ophelia.

The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd!

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I ;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you
did ;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord:

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest and fair, you should
admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness : this was some time a paradox, but now the
time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me ; for vir-
tue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall re-
lish of it : I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery : Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven ? We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him ; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough ; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance : Go to ; I'll no more of't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
 O, woe is me!
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Exit Ophelia.

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
 He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute;
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expell
 This something-settled matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brain's still-beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well; But yet do I believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.

My lord, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his grief; let her be round with him;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference: If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him, where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

G

Enter

Enter the first Actor and Hamlet.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

I Act. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I Act.

I Act. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

Exit I Actor.

Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord.—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee of my father's death,
 I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy: Give him heedful note:
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
 And, after, we will both our judgements join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;—

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

Musick.

Enter Polonius, King, Queen, Ophelia,
 Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Osrick, Marcellus,
 Bernardo, Francisco, *Lords and Ladies,*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish:
 I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed
 capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
 these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord,—you play'd
 once in the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
 good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the
 capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a
 calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ref.

HAMLET.

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Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho ! do you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Lying down at Ophelia's feet.

Ham. O ! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year : But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then.

Oph. What means the play, my lord ?

Ham. Miching mallecho : it means mischief.

Oph. But what is the argument of the play ?

Enter second Actor as the Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

2 Act. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Exit 2 Actor.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love,

Enter

*Enter First Actor and the Actress, as a
Duke and Duchess.*

1 Act. Full thirty times hath Phæbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite ~~our~~ mutual in most sacred bands.

Actress. So many journies may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

*But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much, even as they love.*

*Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.*

*Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.*

1 Actor. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd,—and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

Actress. O, confound the the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

1 Actor. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Actress. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night,
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

1 Actor.

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1 Actor. 'Tis deeply sworn.

Ham. If she should break it now,—

1 Actor. Sweet, leave me here a while ;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

He sleeps.

Actress. Sleep rock thy brain ;
And never come mischance between us twain.

Exit Actress.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no
offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no
offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically,
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna :
Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista. You
shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work : But what
of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls,
it touches us not ; Let the gall'd jade wince, our wi-
thers are unwrung.—

Enter third Actor, as Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
if I could see the puppets dallying.

Begin, murderer,—leave thy damnable faces, and
begin.

Come: The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

3 Actor. *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing ;*

Confederate

HAMLET.

*Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.*

Pours the poison into his ear, and exit.

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.
His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written
in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how
the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.—

O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a
thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some musick; come, the
recorders.

Exit Horatio.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir;—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you, in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.—

Have you any further trade with us?

H

Ros.

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir; but, *While the grass grows*,—The proverb is something musty.

Enter Horatio and two Musicians, with Recorders.

O, the recorders,—let me see one.—[*Takes a recorder.*]
So, withdraw with you.—

Exeunt Horatio and Musicians.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that.—Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compals: and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little

tle organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think, I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. — They fool me to the top of my head. — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Exit Polonius,

Ham. By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother. —
O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

Exit Hamlet.

HAMLET.

SCENE III.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haste us.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

Exeunt King and Polonius.

SCENE IV.

THE QUEEN'S CLOSET.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home
to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him.—I'll sconce me even here.—

Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;

Fear me not :—Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius conceals himself behind the arras.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[Hamlet draws, and makes a pass through the arras.]

Pol. [Behind.] O, O, O!—

[Polonius falls, and dies.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not :—

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Ham. A bloody deed ;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better.

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And fets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words:—

Ah me, that act!

Queen. Ah me! what act?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgement; And what judgement
 Would step from this to this?
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;—

Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket;—

Enter Ghost.

A king of shreds and patches;—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards!—What would your gra-
 cious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command?
 O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
 O, step between her and her fighting soul.
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 O, gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he
 glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
 Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects: then what I have to do
 Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
 away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
 Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is is the very coinage of your brain:
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,

That

HAMLET

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That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks ;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain,

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to my uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night !
And when you are desirous to be blest'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
I do repent ;
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night !—

Exit Queen.

I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind ;

Exit Hamlet.

HAMLET.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

*Enter King and Queen.**King.*

THERE's matter in these sighs, these profound
heaves;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both con-
tend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! A rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd.

King. The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.**King.*

King. Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.

Exeunt King and Queen.

SCENE II.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ———Safely stow'd,—

Ros. [*Within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O,
here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord,

Ham. I am glad of it : A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. Bring me to him.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

Enter the King.

King. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him :
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him ?

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter Guildenstern and Hamlet.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we
fat

fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat ourselves for maggots : Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table ; that's the end.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself.—But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go, seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

Exit Guildenstern.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety, Must send thee hence ;
Therefore prepare thyself :—
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
For England.

Ham. For England !

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother :—Father and mother is man and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

Exit Hamlet.

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard ;
Away ; for every thing is seal'd and done.

Exit Rosencrantz.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
Let it be testified in Hamlet's death.

Exit.

SCENE

HAMLET.

SCENE IV.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE.

*Enter the Queen and Horatio.**Queen.* I will not speak with her.*Hor.* She is importunate ; indeed, distract :*T*were good she were spoken with ; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.*Queen.* Let her come in.*Exit Horatio.*[*Ophelia without.*]*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?*Queen.* How now, Ophelia ?*Re-enter Horatio with Ophelia.**Oph.* (*Sings.*) *How should I your true love know
From another one ?**By his cockle hat and staff,
And his Sandal shoon.**Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?*Oph.* Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.*(Sings.) He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.**Enter King.**Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,——*Oph.* Pray you, mark.*(Sings.) White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.**King.* How do you, pretty lady ?*Oph.* Well, Heaven 'ield you ! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but
know not what we may be.*King.*

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say this;—

*(Sings.) Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

*(Sings.) Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i'the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

Exit Ophelia.

King. Follow her close: give her good watch, I pray you.

Exit Horatio.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death.

[A noise without.]

Enter Marcellus.

What's the matter?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord:
The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers: the rabble call him, lord;
They cry, *Choose we, Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

[A noise without.]

Laertes

Laertes without.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.—

Enter Laertes.

O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Exit Marcellus.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims
me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell, allegiance!
To this point I stand,——

That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd,
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Horatio Without.

Hor. Oh, poor Ophelia!

King

King. Let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with Straws and
Flowers.*

Laer. O rose of May!—

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—

O heavens! is it possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Oph. (Sings.) *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—*

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
venge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing,

(Sings.) *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's
for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—
there's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we
may call it herb of grace o'Sunday's:—you may wear
your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I
would give you some violets; but they withered all,
when my father died:—They say, he made a good
end,—(Sings.) *For bonny sweet robin is all my joy,—*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. (Sings.) *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead;

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

K

All

HAMLET.

*All flaxen was his pole :
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan ;
 And peace be with his soul !
 And with all Christian souls ! I pray heaven.*

Exeunt Ophelia and Queen.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me :
 If by direct, or by collateral, hand
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
 To you in satisfaction ; but, if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so ;
 His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
 No noble right, nor formal ostentation,—
 Cry, to be heard, as 'twere, from heaven to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;
 And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

Exeunt. *OP*

SCENE V.

AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE:

OP *Enter Horatio and Francisco.*

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me ?

Fran. Sailors, sir ;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

Exit Francisco. *PI*

I do

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter two Sailors. *PS*

1 Sail. Heaven bless you, fir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, fir; an't please him. There's a letter for you, fir; it comes from the embassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee.—In my heart there was a kind of fighting, that would not let me sleep; up from my cabin, in the dark grop'd I to find out them; had my desire; finger'd their packet; and withdrew to my own room again, making so bold to unseal their grand commission; where I found, that, on the supervise, no leisure bated, no, not to stay the grinding of the axe, my head should be struck off. I sat me down, devis'd a new commission, that, on the view of these contents, the bearers should be put to sudden death. I had my father's signet in my purse, which was the model of that Danish Seal; folded the writ up in the form of the ashet; gave it the impression; plac'd it safely, the changeling never known.—The next day, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair

*thou to me with as much haste, as thou would'st fly death.
These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt. PS

SCENE VI.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter King and Laertes. PS

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal;

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.—
How now? what news?

Enter Bernardo. Francisco PS

Ber. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen,

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Ber. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not,

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—

Leave us.

Exit Bernardo. Francisco OP

[Reads.]

[Reads.] *HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.* Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—*Naked,—*
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone.—*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ,

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth.

Here

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 He made confession of you ;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cried out, 'Twould be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you :

This report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
 Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Hamlet comes back : What would you undertake,

To show yourself in deed your father's son
 More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,

And wager o'er your heads : he, being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,

HAMLET.

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Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.

Laer. I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.—

Adieu, my lord!

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

Exit Laertes.

King. How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A CHURCH-YARD.

Enter two Grave-diggers.

1. *G. dig.* **I**S she to be bury'd in christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *G. dig.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her
grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds
it christian burial.

1 *G. dig.* How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2 *G. dig.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *G. dig.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three
branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:
Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *G. dig.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *G. dig.* Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: If the man go
to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill
he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come
to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Ar-
gal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens
not his own life.

2 *G. dig.* But is this law?

1 *G. dig.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *G. dig.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd
out of christian burial.

1 *G. dig.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more
pity, that great folks should have countenance in this
world to drown or hang themselves, more than their
even christian. Come; my spade. There is no an-
cient

HAMLET.

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cient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 G. dig. Was he a gentleman?

1 G. dig. He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 G. dig. Go to.

1 G. dig. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 G. dig. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 G. dig. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 G. dig. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 G. dig. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 G. dig. Marry, now I can tell.

1 G. dig. To't.

2 G. dig. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 G. dig. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Exit Second Grave-digger.

The Grave-digger digs, and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,

Metbought, it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behoof,

O, metbought, there was nothing meet.

L

Ham.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Grave-digger sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

The Grave-digger throws up bones.

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

Grave-Digger sings.

*A pick axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Throws up another scull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?—I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, firrah?

G. dig.

G. dig. Mine, fir.—

(Sings.) *O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

G. dig. You lie out on't, fir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say, it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

G. dig. 'Tis a quick lie, fir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

G. dig. For no man, fir.

Ham. What woman then?

G. dig. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

G. dig. One, that was a woman, fir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

G. dig. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

G. dig. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day, that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

G. dig. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

G. dig. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

G. dig. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

G. dig. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

G. dig. Why, here in Denmark:—I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

G. dig. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

G. dig. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

G. dig. A whorson mad fellow's it was;—Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

G. dig. A pestilence on him for a mad-rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? (*taking the scull.*)

G. dig. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft, and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your longs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fall'n? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—

Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Ham

HAMLET.

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Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, that Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'saith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expell the winter's flaw!

A bell tolls.

But soft! but soft! aside;—Here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers:—Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

Retiring with Horatio.—Bell tolls:

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Ladies,
Priests, &c. attending the corpse of Ophelia.*

Bell tolls.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth.

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her :
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !

Scattering flowers.

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms ;

Laertes leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,

Hamlet leaps into the grave.

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer.

HAMLET.

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Laer. The devil take thy soul!

Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For, though I am not spleenitive and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

They are parted, and come out of the grave.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Untill my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O, my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

Queen. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear
thyself?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here but to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

La

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HAMLET.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Exit Hamlet.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Exit Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[To Laertes.]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

Exit Queen.

This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A HALL IN THE PALACE.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for, 'tis a vice, to know him.

Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit:—Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion—

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

Hamlet signs to him to put on his hat.

Ofr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you:—What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, fir, for his weapon.

Ham. What is his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons :—But, well,—

Ofr. The king, fir, has wager'd with him fix Barbary horses : against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, fix French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so : Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ofr. The carriages, fir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

Ofr. The king, fir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits : and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me : let the foils be brought ; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, fir ; after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Exit Ofrick. *RS*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so ; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter.

Hor.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

Exeunt.

SCENE—THE COURT OF DENMARK.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

King, Queen, Laertes, Ofrick, Marcellus, Bernardo,
Francisco, Lords, and Ladies, *discovered.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me,

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge:—

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

M 2

Ham.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fire off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin
Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well;—These foils have all
length?

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup a union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—[He drinks.]

Drums and Trumpets sound; Cannons shot off within.
Come, begin;

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

They play.

Ham. One,

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again,—

King.

HAMLET.

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King. Stay ; give me the drink :—Hamlet, this
pearl is thine ;
Here's to thy health.—[*He pretends to drink.*]—

Drums and Trumpets sound ; cannons shot off within.
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come.—[*They play.*]—Another hit : What say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet,
Queen drinks,

Ham. Good madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.—

Queen. I have, my lord :—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Laer. I'll hit him now :

And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside,*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes :—You do but
dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on,

They play.—Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Hamlet wounds Laertes, who falls.

The Queen swoons.

Ofr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. How is it, my lord ?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Ofrick ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham, —

HAMLET.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O, my dear Hamlet!——

The drink, the drink,—I am poisoned.—

The Queen dies.

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work.

Stabs the King.

Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Follow my mother.

King dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me!

Laertes dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell serjeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest, O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor.

Hor. Never believe it ;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,—
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
O, I die, Horatio !—
The potent poison quite o'ergrows my spirit :—
The rest is silence.

Hamlet dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart :—Good night,
sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !—
Give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts.
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldiers' musick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

*A flourish of drums and trumpets, and a peal of
ordnance shot off.*

Exeunt.

THE END.



